

# Good Morning 680

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Is She on the Shelf? No, No, No, No, Yes

THE war will emphasise a trend that was already strong in Britain—the increasing inequality of the sexes in numbers.

Experts state that after the war the number of "surplus" women will run into millions, and purely because of this, one woman in five reaching marriageable age some ten years hence faces inevitable spinsterhood.

Normally in all civilised populations there is a surplus of males at birth, but because of the greater mortality amongst boy babies this is levelled up by the time the marriage-age groups are reached. After that women become greater in numbers in every age group, because of the slightly higher mortality rates for men.

No one understands exactly how the unusual "surplus" amongst women of the 18-34 age group has come about. It is not confined to Britain.

It has been estimated that twenty-five per cent. of Swedish women are unmarried at the age of forty because of the "excess" of females.

In America, which until a year or two ago always had an excess of males, this trend is now towards a considerable excess of females, so it is fore-

cast that one girl out of seven now growing up is destined to be an increasing spinsterhood. Reasons contributing to this trend are (1) scientific advances resulting in lower mortality benefited women proportionately more than men, and (2) the "generation" of young men wiped out by the war of 1914-18.

### MONOGAMY.

The casualties in the present war have been nothing like those of World War I, when many countries of Europe were left with a "surplus" of women up to 42 per cent, but they will emphasise the unequal numbers of the sexes in the coming years.

A surprising number of laws and conventions of our civilisation are based on the assumption that the numbers of the sexes are roughly equal. Monogamy, of course, is based on this assumption, and so is the convention that it is the man who "courts" the woman. Where, as in "new" countries like America, there has been a considerable excess of males, the tendency has been for the female to be "pampered."

There is more competition amongst the men and hence a tendency towards greater outward show of courtesies. Woman's position in America has always been "stronger" than in England.

### POLYGAMY.

With an excess of females, we may expect the position to be reversed. There will be more competition amongst women for men and manners and conventions will change. There will obviously be a tendency to polygamy, in fact if not in name.

This has been noticed in Sweden, where one birth in seven or eight is illegitimate.

The Royal Commission on the birthrate have found, in studying the distribution of the sexes, that there are also inevitable economic consequences—more women have to earn their living and support their parents; there is greater competition amongst women for work and greater demands for pensions for "spinsters" after the age of 50.

The effects of the unequal numbers may be avoided by a reduction in the mortality amongst boy babies; the taxation of bachelors and inducements to marry younger in life.

R. de Witt

## UNPAID

CARDIFF is proud of three things, the decision of Princess Elizabeth to become president of the Cardiff Royal Infirmary; Mr. Churchill's acceptance of the Freedom of the City; and the final report on what the City's A.R.P. did.

In the final wind-up report the City Council was told that of the 8,500 men and women who served throughout the war in the wardens and A.R.P. services, only nine in every 100 received any payment. They were the essential full-timers.

This volunteer civil defence army, it has been calculated, saved the City £250,000, but what it saved in life and property is almost beyond compute. Cardiff claims to have had the largest unpaid A.R.P. service in Britain.

# CHICHESTER



If I were to choose the place in the whole of Sussex, Hampshire and Kent where I would wish to stay a night and spend a day, I think I would go to Chichester, writes D. N. K. Bagnall, and in this article on your Home Town he tells you why

THE men of West Sussex can boast of at least one thing unique in the country—they have a cathedral whose spire can be seen from the sea. The tall spire of Chichester Cathedral is a landmark to seamen sailing off the Sussex shore, as it is a friendly sign to all who walk the Downs, those grand hills whose beauty is the beauty of Sussex.

No man born in Arundel, Steyning or Petworth, in Chichester itself, or in one of those worthy villages that lie between Guildford and Worthing or between Horsham and Petersfield, but knows he is nearing home when he sees that grey-white spire as he beats up Channel.

If he knows Chichester at all he thinks of that ancient town, with its Roman-formed chequer-board of streets snuggling between the downs and the sea. He sees, in his mind, the tall elms that run along part of the old city wall, the old Market Cross, standing resolute, even in these days of fast-moving and imperative traffic, at the junction of the

four main ways that meet in the town's centre.

He recalls the sight of that excellent inn, "The Dolphin," and the many mellow buildings that still remain in the streets. There is a prophecy about that spire:—

"If Chichester Church steeple fall,  
In England there's no King at all."

Well, in 1861 the spire went crashing to the ground in a fierce gale, giving the people of Chichester a terrible shock. And there was no King in England—for Queen Victoria was then somewhere in the middle of her long reign. It seemed a somewhat strange way of a prophecy being fulfilled.

They made the new steeple as strong as they could so that the reigning King might feel the more secure on his throne, and as German bombs have not shivered it, there is every hope that the Monarchy will remain for a good many years.

### BIG WALTER.

Chichester Cathedral hardly fulfils the promise of that graceful spire. It is not one of the show-pieces of architecture and it gives me the impression

of a large-scale parish church. But it contains some interesting things.

Its bell tower is unique. It is the only cathedral bell tower in the country which is separate from the main building. It contains a peal of eight bells, including Big Walter, who sounds the hours.

Having got the cathedral off my chest, so to speak, I could wander at leisure through the highways and by-ways of the old Sussex town, noting small changes here and there, wishing in my mind that that colourful spectacle of smart pony-traps, hay-wagons and tilt-carts that once were busy in its streets before the motor-van, the roadster and the tractor came, might once again delight the streets so obviously suitable for such vehicles.

I stopped to enjoy the beauty of some of the gardens and lawns for which Chichester has long been famed in its own county, admired the austere but charming mansions of another age, and had a look at yet another thing that Chichester holds unique—the Roman inscription recording the dedication of a temple to Neptune, the old sea-god, and the goddess, Minerva.

The stone which bears it was found under a house in Lion Street, and is now preserved in the wall of the entrance to the Council House.

In Lion Street, of course, is St. Mary's Hospital. It is an almshouse where fortunate old people dwell and—need I mention it?—it is unique in England. It is the oldest thing of its kind in the country, and is said to be the quaintest and most picturesque almshouse in the world. It's worth seeing, even if you are in a hurry.

Chichester has many ancient things—but it is a modern market town, and through its straight, main streets, and more curving and no less pleasing side-streets, goes busy traffic. Even now the farmers and their wives from many of the surrounding villages and smaller towns throng into it on Wednesdays (market days) to do their shopping. Their fore-

### COSY CORNERS.

You West Sussex men remember the pleasant ride across the downs, or along the coast road into the old place. Remember, too, the "Nag's Head," the "White Horse" in South Street, and many another cosy little place smuggling unpretentiously in the sideways that go from those streets of east, west, south and north.

And, being Sussex men with a good taste for beer, you can tell the rest of the boys something of the choice brews they sell at the "Royal Oak" at East Lavant, at the "Marquess of Anglesea" at Hainaker, at the "Tangmere" at Tangmere, at the inns of Selsey, Bosham and Cocking—and away up to the Surrey border.

If you have tramped the slopes of Hay Down and Lavant Down, over the hills to Goodwood, up Beacon Hill near South Harting (with the green copper tower to its church), and even climbed Heyshott and Lynch Downs, to the north-east, then you are fortunate.

In these days of motor-cars and motor-bicycles there is a temptation to travel the easy main roads between the weald and the sea. It is a temptation to resist.

For all about you are some of the finest views of the (Continued on Page 3)

## All for E.R.A. Heywood

WE made photographic history when we called at your home, E.R.A. Bertram Heywood. But not without a struggle and supreme patience.

The "Good Morning" cameraman took up his position at one end of the living-room at 6 Mount Pleasant, Deptford, Sunderland. He smiled sweetly.

Your eight-weeks'-old Jacqueline Ann, whom you've never seen, not even a photograph, had never had her picture taken before. She cried.

Your wife, Ellen, was holding the baby—and the photographer in this matter. Everything goes on had the camera! She howled, according to plan at home, and Good-natured and smiling, the they send you their love across young Mrs. Heywood broke into the sea.

baby talk and administered a "dummy." The photographer waited. She screamed.

Time ticked away endlessly—or was it the big clock on the mantlepiece?

For one breath-taking moment Jacqueline Ann stopped crying. The camera flashed. And don't you think it was worth it—the result? It's the first picture taken of Jacqueline Ann!

She has ginger hair, and they say she takes after her grandfather in this matter. Everything goes on had the camera! She howled, according to plan at home, and Good-natured and smiling, the they send you their love across young Mrs. Heywood broke into the sea.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# THE ROYAL SHIELD

THE lion (for England) being sovereign, to display a crest on the right—the unicorn (for Scotland) being on the left. The Royal shield is en-circled with the Order of the Garter—the highest Order of knighthood. The crest used is the crest of England. The crests of Scotland (a lion in a sitting position), and of Ireland (a harp springing from the portals of a tower), are used with other shields.

The laws of heraldry vary in every country. In Great Britain they are comparatively simple and straightforward. For example, in British heraldry, no such thing exists as a crest without a coat of arms. A crest can be used, and often is, without its Parent coat, if good taste so dictates—as when used on a signet ring or on the door of a car. The owner of the crest, however, always possesses a coat of arms as well.

Talking of signet rings, it is interesting to point out that it is actually incorrect for a woman, other than a reigning monarch, to use a signet ring. A woman's father, husband or son displays her crest for her, since, in theory, she comes under their protection. Hence, the daughter of a gentleman of coat armour inherits his coat of arms, but can only use those arms upon a lozenge, and can never use the crest.

Another subject widely misunderstood is the use of quarterings—the divisions on a shield in shape of rectangles. In Britain, a large number of quarterings do not necessarily signify an old family. According to the laws of arms, a husband, on marriage, can use his wife's arms, impaling them with his own, and their children will inherit those arms, quartered.

for and is given a Grant of arms. He then marries an English woman with a family coat of arms of, say, sixteen quarterings. Their children will inherit this multi-quartered coat, although they cannot rightly claim to be of an old family.

In fact, many of the oldest arms are unquartered—the in spite of the fact that

genealogical records in England have been better kept than anywhere else in the world.

Nowadays, the use of arms has declined, although the ranks of the nobility have been greatly increased; people in general are too busy to bother about such things at present.

There are quite a few Peers of the Realm, in fact, who do not possess armorial bearings. The use of bogus coats has also decreased, and it is to be hoped that it will dwindle still further.

There is obviously nothing to be ashamed of in not possessing a coat of arms. In fact, many an old coat was originally granted as a reward for some decidedly shady business.

But it is laughable to pretend to the right to arms when this is not the case. A signet ring with honest initials is worth twenty with false coats.

The subject must be seen in its true perspective. It is as ridiculous to sneer at users of an authentic coat, provided it is used correctly, as it is to look down on families who do not possess one. Heraldry is too old and too beautiful a science to be forgotten or forsaken because of a change in social customs or values.

THE END

## Concluding Can You Read a Coat of Arms?

One often hears some boastful bore claiming, usually after dinner, that his family "came over with the Conqueror." It can be stated that in 99 per cent. of the times, this statement is untrue. There are a mere handful of families who can trace their descent, in an unbroken male line, back to the days of Edward the First, let alone to the Norman conquest.

A family in Britain which can trace its "tree" back to James I is a great exception, arms are unquartered—the in spite of the fact that

## QUIZ for today

1. A puncheon is a knock-out blow, carpenter's tool, measure of wine, fish?
2. How many scruples equal one drachm?
3. How should you pronounce the town of Gateacre?
4. What bird is sometimes called Mother Carey's Chicken?

5. What is the width of a hockey goal?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? September, June, April, July, November.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 678

1. Term in trigonometry.
2. Twenty.
3. Frost-er.
4. Chaffinch.
5. Billy Cotton.
6. 34 is not in the 7-times table; others are.

## IT MAKES YOU WONDER By Alfred Rhodes

WHEN you hear that Stalin has been talking to President Truman, from Moscow to Washington, you may know that the conversation went through London.

There are no telephone exchanges in the world like those of the capital.

In the vast Central Exchange before the war it was not uncommon for women operators to have a quiet few minutes talk with operators as far distant as Tokyo, Melbourne, India.

It was all quite simple; and after this war the facilities will be much easier than hitherto.

Some time ago a member of the Geographical Society wanted to get into touch with members of the Society in Argentina, Iceland and Buenos Aires.

He got the connections inside five minutes.

A London man went into the Exchange one day and said he wanted to get linked up with his girl who happened to be in Australia. He wanted to propose to her.

He was given a line, but after a few minutes' talk, he made a complaint that the line was bad. The girl had turned him down. The telephone officials showed sympathy. Maybe, they hinted, the girl hadn't heard him right. They offered to let him try again.

He got the girl on the line again—this time a clear line—and she accepted him.

This time the subscriber thought the telephone system wonderful.

Not long ago an American, excited and enthusiastic, asked for a call to the Middle West. The stork had visited his home. He roared through the mouthpiece: "Hold my new son up and let me hear him yell!"

The nurse in his home did it. Even the officials heard the bawling of the heir. Another subscriber satisfied.

Even now there are thousands of conversations every day spoken to all parts of Europe.

Over the switchboards are painted the names of distant cities, each with a little lamp that glows when the signal is given.

There is not a part of the civilised world which cannot be spoken to.

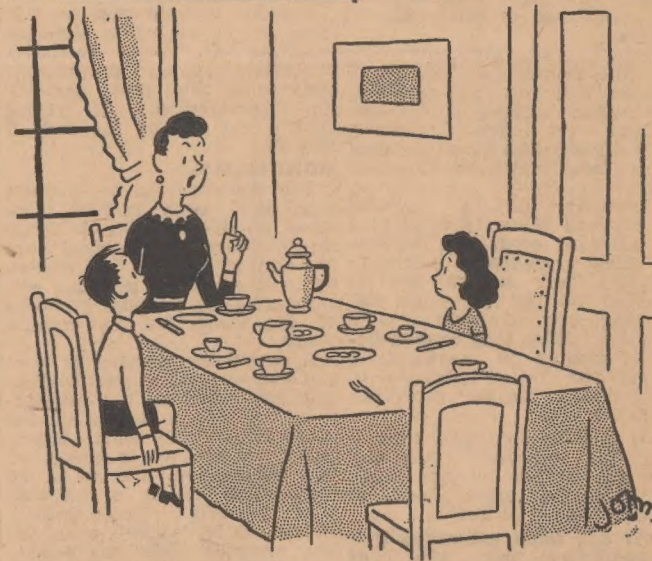
Private conversations, such as those of heads of States, are, of course, made private, so that nobody can listen in. There have been a lot of these lately.

Have any submariners ever talked across the world? One commander has spoken from the Middle East to his wife. He got the link-up from Cairo to England.

Said the mistress, "A leaf from your book. How lovely you made the tart look. You really must tell Why the edge looked so well." "I used my false teeth," said the cook!



Familiar Phrases: Trimmed Down.



"We mustn't commence breakfast until Gran'ma gets home from the night-shift!"

## JOKE CORNER

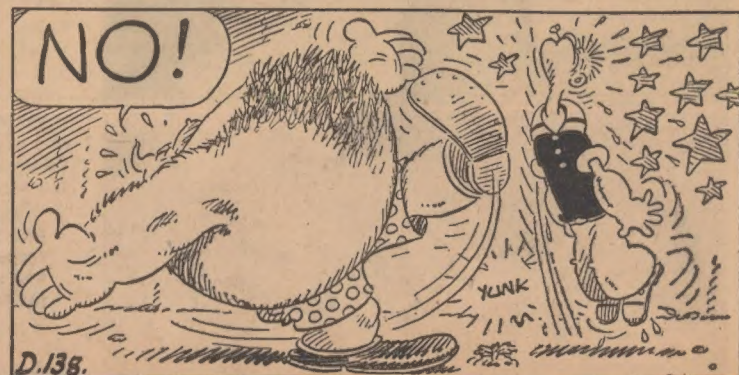
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 619

1. Cut one letter out of a plan and get to condescend.
2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of:   
Midwayoanottotraintheideofth-  
eeat.
3. What common word has MANEN for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Always bid with — at a public —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 618

1. YA(N)K.
2. Builders begin to build big barns with baked bricks.
3. BILLIARDS.
4. Hasten, Athens.

JANE

Beautiful Chichester

(Continued from Page 1)

south country, with the little villages and the towns spreading out to the north, or the narrow strip of farmland and the sea to the south—and east, the unending vista of the downs.

Put the motor-bike in a ditch; stick the motor-car at the side of the road; get off the motor-coach before it leaves the high-lands for the sea, and take a look at the heritage you still have left to you. Away in the distance, more likely than not, you will pick up Chichester Cathedral spire.

By the way, most people who don't know Chichester well, or who aren't acquainted with that piece of coastline from Portsmouth to Littlehampton, imagine that Bosham is the port of Chichester. Not a bit of it. DELL ANCHORAGE.

If you wander through Apple-

dram you will come to a little place on sea-water called Dell Quay. Here, having crawled up Dell Channel, boats of small tonnage tie up to unload their cargoes of corn and gravel.

There is not much of a dock; they don't need it. There are only a few houses and a pub (the "Crown and Anchor"), where the seamen can soothe their salted throats.

But Bosham, of course, is the centre for many small sailing craft and fishing boats. Amateur yachtsmen are inclined to clutter up the place, but it still serves as an introduction to the sea for hundreds of West Sussex men.

It was from here that King Harold embarked for Normandy on the occasion when he went to pay his respects to William the Conqueror, who returned the visit, with interest, a little later.

It is a beauty spot as well as a sailing centre, Bosham. Don't the natives get annoyed when casual visitors pronounce the name of the place as it's spelt, instead of Boz-ham, as is correct.

If I were to choose the place in the whole of Sussex, Hampshire and Kent where I would wish to stay a night and spend a day, I think I would go to Chichester. For what can a man want more than the beauty of the ancient town, the pleasantness of its inns, the charm of its girls (didn't I mention the West Sussex maidens? They are some of the prettiest in England), the loveliness of its surroundings, and the solace of the villages that have survived the inroad of modern building.

And, of course, the sight of that towering spire, which is unique.



"D'you think you could beat the 100 yards sprinting record, John?" "I don't know. Why?" "My husband's just arrived!"



THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

HAPPENING to pay a visit to the London Missionary Society's hospital at Neyoor, India, while on a tour twenty years ago, Dr. Theodore Howard Somervell saw how badly off they were for surgeons, and gave them a hand. He's been there ever since.

You may have heard of him in another connection. He was one of the Mount Everest Expedition in 1922 and again in 1924. It was between the two expeditions that he chanced on his life work.

He is kept busy. In 1943 alone, he and his colleagues carried out nearly 14,000 operations on Indian people, who know the hospital as a place of surgical miracles.

He has just dealt with his 5,000th case of cancer of the mouth, by radium treatment, which he introduced into India.

Dr. Somervell is still enthusiastic about mountaineering, and spends his holidays climbing the peaks of India.

Boys, this medico-missionary deserves the glad hand. He is probably one of the greatest of them ever to have left England.

SINGING in the village choir is a lifelong habit with George Scillitoe, of Earls Colne, Essex.

He's been doing it ever since 1877, and is still in his place in the old church every Sunday.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CHATS PARSE  
HUSH DEBATE  
IMPEL TRIAL  
FOEMAN ANY  
FUN TODDY R  
OR METRE WE  
N FORCE TIP  
BAN HAVANA  
DOUGH MOCKS  
ANNEAL LILT  
BEARD METES

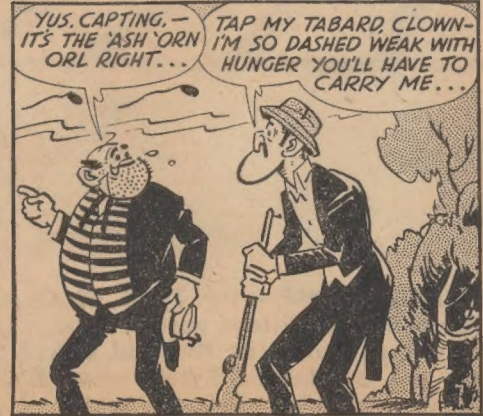
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11			12		
13			14			15		
16			17			18		
	19	20		21	22			
23	24				25		26	
27			28		29			
30		31	32				33	
	34	35				36		
37			38			39		40
41					42			

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Time-server, 10 Notice, 11 Vase, 12 By this time, 13 Animal, 14 Mire, 15 Bird, 16 Exercise, 17 Insect, 18 Old measure, 19 Gunners, 21 Coarse stone, 23 Assert, 25 Inclination, 27 Central, 29 Girl's name, 30 Tonic sol-fa note, 31 Scottish Ben, 33 Remains, 34 Red dye, 37 Chop, 38 Card, 39 Gosamer, 41 Lazy-bones, 42 Gusty.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Kissing, 2 Climbers, 3 Gave, 4 Dance, 5 Genuine, 6 Subordinate to, 7 Whole number, 8 Mould, 9 Subdivisions, 20 Foreign money, 22 Humiliate, 24 Spoke about, 26 Fixed tight, 28 "Merry Widow" composer, 29 Tendon, 32 Abbreviated boy, 35 Bird, 36 Corn beard, 37 Hailing cry, 40 Close to.

GARTH



JUST JAKE





# Good Morning



★ "OVER AND OVER AGAIN!"—there goes that girl again! These two head-over-heels gals are bowling along the highway on the Gym. Wheel. This sport is "catching on among modern girls who dare," says the blurb. If they dare do it again, we'll have something to say to them!



★ "FOR WHOM THE BULL TOLLS"—would be the scattiest caption any one could write for this picture—we think. If you think you can write a scattier, the field's all yours! For (a) it's not a bull—we hope; (b) they're not female bell-ringers; and (c) there are not enough ropes to ring changes.



Frankly, we don't believe this picture! It's supposed to be the "Great Indian Hornbill" sharing a meal with its keeper. To us, it looks like the "Dentist Bird" removing an upper molar from a "panel patient."



THE VILLAGE PUMP—IN THIS ENGLAND. Through the archway you see the centre of village gossip. No, it is not "Ye Cosy Tearooms"—it's the village pump at Hatfield Broad Oak, an olde-worlde village on the border of Essex, near Bishop's Stortford.